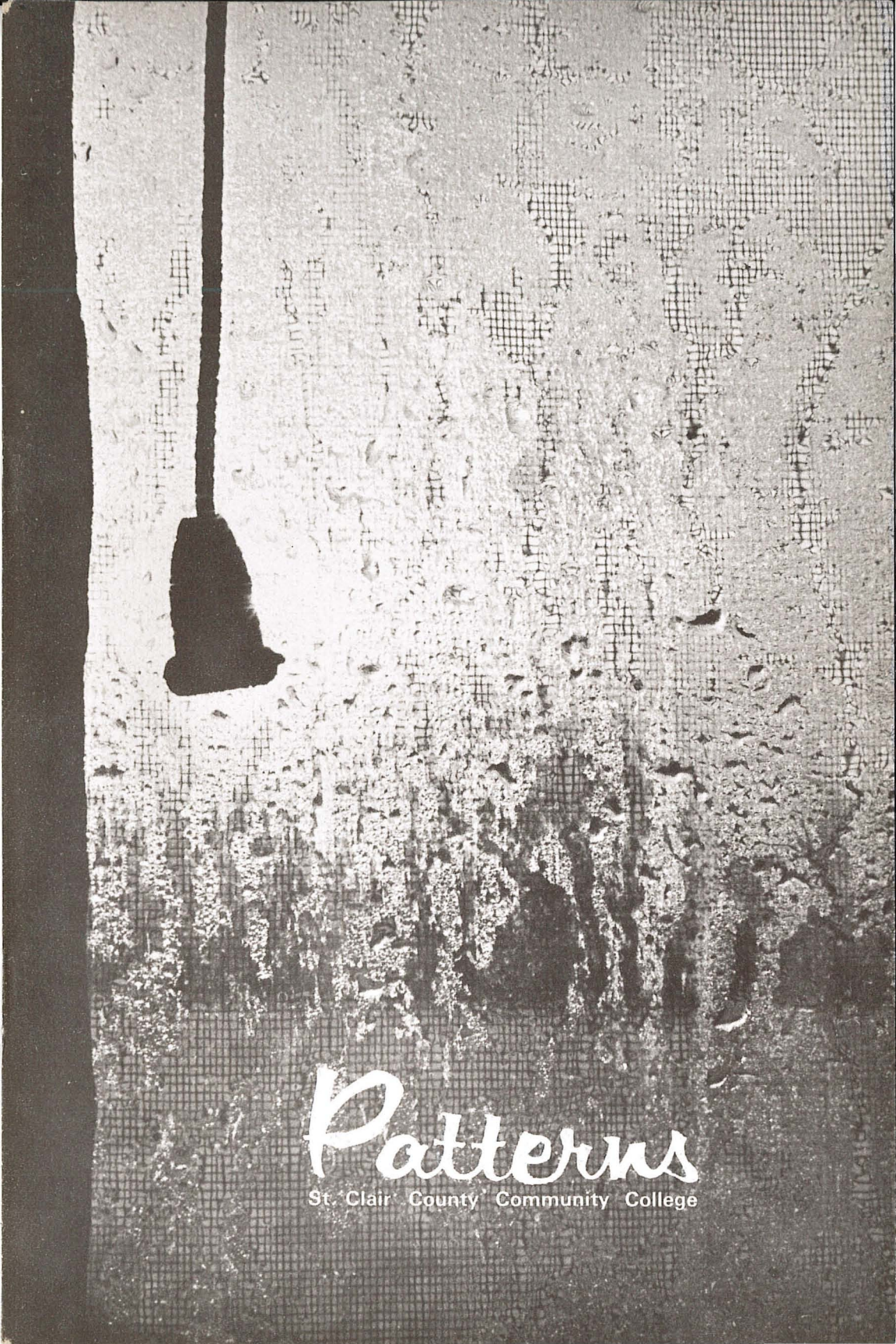




Patterns

St. Clair County Community College

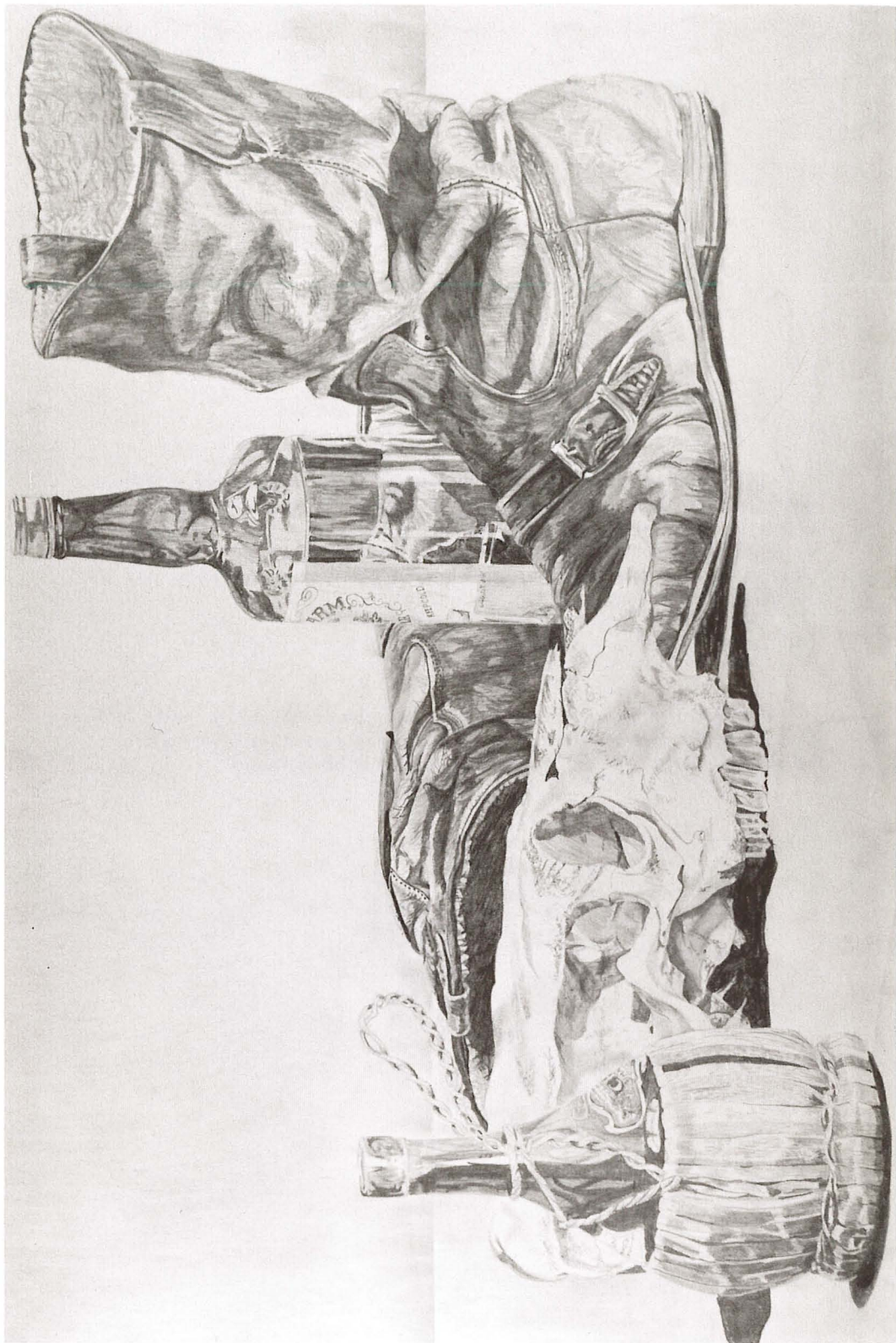
P r e f a c e

Each new issue of **Patterns** represents new challenges and new opportunities. This issue represents the work of student authors and artists many of whom are published for the first time. If the students here published are like those of the past thirteen years, many will again publish as they progress through their college years and some will go on to writing careers.

Patterns thanks all those students who have helped to make this issue a success and wishes for them many of the exciting rewards which the student authors of the **Patterns** of the past have found.

Judges:

Richard J. Colwell
Gary Garrett
Ruby Clemons
Patrick Bourke
Jack Hennesey



Still Life

Deryl Dunn

Table of Contents

SHORT STORY

First Prize Hegira Rye Sing Son

POETRY

First Prize Revelation Dean Stern

1st Honorable Mention Gehenna Rye Sing Son

2nd Honorable Mention Flashes Nancy Young

CRITICAL ESSAY

First Prize Sir John Falstaff Dianne Gillett
and

Degenerate Knighthood

ART

First Place Slavery (Monoprint) Marilyn Brown

1st Honorable Mention .. Photograph (Back Cover) Don Shepard

2nd Honorable Mention .. In Revulsion (Monoprint) Eileen Misany

3rd Honorable Mention .. Pride (Monoprint) Eileen Walsh

SELECTED ENTRIES

Short Story

Mustard Seed J. McPhee

From HEGIRA Rye Sing Son

Poetry

Undercurrents of Life Terril Samuels

Farewell Dean Stern

A Memory Steve Davis

My Life Connie Sassanella

Chain of Command Brad Donovan

A Wish c.r.u.d.

Because of Your Small Differency E. Fleming

[To Another Friend] Perry Plouff

D. S. El Fine B. D.

Critical Essay

The Impressionistic Style of Henry James Myrna Turnbull

Art

Rivalry (monoprint) Roland Miller

Figure Study Eileen Misany

Figure Study Ed. Schultz

Lupé (charcoal) Carol Ann Ford

Back Door (monoprint) Sandy Eschker Ruiz

Drain (monoprint) Larry Conely

Flowan (monoprint) Louie Lozon

Plastic Spoon (monoprint) Joan Wittstock

Still Life (pencil) Deryl Dunn

Still Life (pencil) Deryl Dunn

Photograph (Front cover) Don Shepard



Rivalry

Roland Miller

from HEGIRA

by

Rye Sing Son

And we separated ourselves from the three thousand who wailed for their lives and feared the coming end. The faith that had been their strength withered as autumn grass before the winter's frost, rendering their hope desolate. It was then, during those crucial days, John revealed to us a living faith that gives hope and strength and encompassing love, love that upholds the weary soul unto the end of all time.

Panic reigned supreme when the masses heard of our encirclement by enemies who sought our lives. I loathe to recall the hysteria of parents fearful for their children and children fearful for their parents, culminating in riotous dissension. Friends with whom I had shared my life and my love turned into creatures that hated and reviled and cared only for their own insignificant lives.

Through these troubled times, John steadfastly refused to submit his soul to the common agony of terror. Knowing that Maria and I were strong in the faith, he sought us out during the darkened morning hours when the three thousand slept, albeit in tortured, painful sleep. He awoke us at the forth hour, just before the rising of the sun, calmly admonishing my love and I to speak no word for fear of rousing those who would thwart our departure. So in silence, we left the masses to their lonely struggle in the throes of a death worse than that of the body.

Full day exploded as Maria and I diligently, cautiously followed one who better understood the workings of the spirit and had grown in its knowledge — John. While passing through field and forest, we beheld the beauty of the world as it has been revealed to those who seek it. Great murmurings of life in the midst of coming doom foretold by rolling black clouds on the western sky, heralded by the grasses that bowed to the wind. Then I realized that beauty is best loved when ugliness threatens, and life is most valued when death marches near. Strange but welcome words of praise flowed into my consciousness where they still remain:

I gaze into a softened sky,
a sky
of love that cannot die,
of hope eternal in a cloud,
of rays of warmth and light and life.

Oh joy of God
you are so near,
you sing to me in verse so clear.
Ecstatic dance and vibrant chants
proclaim the life we know in Thee!

Walk in fields where God is King,
where heaven's sweet blue
the violets ring.
Lift your soul to heights unknown —
enlightened glory of God within us
grows;
the sky of love that cannot die
is always found within His eye.

About the ninth hour we came to a ruin dating from the First Era. We had been walking for hours and concurred that this would be a convenient stopping place. Maria and I were still ignorant of our destination, whether it be the camp of the enemy or the home of a friend.

"John, where are you leading us?" she intently inquired.

"To the hill that dominates this region."

"But why a hill?" she persisted.

"A hill is many things — a mound of earth, a natural fortress, a tower, a vantage point; but it is also higher than all that surrounds it, a place where one can see more clearly than anywhere else."

I was sitting on the edge of an old window casing, intent on peeling off the last chip of plaster clinging to a decaying beam. I noticed how the whole structure had virtually vanished except for the foundation, a few beams, and numerous pieces of tile embedded in dusty plaster. I wondered if my childhood home had fallen into such a melancholy ruin, covered by creeping vines with heart-shaped leaves. Somehow, the structure possessed a natural beauty that it had probably never had while inhabited by man. Tiny buttercups blossomed close to the cracking blocks of stone. A robin sang of spring's presence and seemed to tell me that life in this world is worthwhile only if it may be renewed year by year, day by day, hour by hour. Glancing toward the horizon, I could see the steady line of black clouds rapidly advancing, prompting me to ask the gnawing question.

"Are we surrounded, John? Are we surrounded as everyone says?"

"We are."

"Why did we leave?"

"In the First Era, a great army prepared to assault a weak city. The city's army was pitifully small in comparison to the enemy's; thus the king of the city was compelled to venture out upon the plain where the battle was to be fought. After consulting his generals, he determined that the only chance for survival lay in negotiation. If he was not successful and did not return, he asked his generals to retire to the city where they were to comfort and prepare the populace for the oncoming holocaust. Sometimes if we wish to do the most good for a friend, we must desert him."

The titanic black clouds passed over a sun that would no longer warm our bodies and souls. A violent wind arose, shaking each leaf and blurring our sight, yet we solemnly continued to approach the grassy hill looming directly in our path. The knee deep grass flew wildly about like a frightened dove, but John flowingly plowed forth on his sacred perambulation.

With the utmost difficulty, we staggered up the gentle incline in gale winds, hoping to touch something eternally distant and infinitely close. Closer and closer we came to the crest, closer to gnosis of eternal love and apocalyptic happiness — the coming answer, the answer we ached for, the answer that pierced our ears on the shrieking wind, the answer that howled from the crying skies! With a roar of thunder the clouds parted in a blinding, swirling wind of light which hid John from

view — John our leader, our master, the Good One, who led the multitudes in prayer and song, through days of glory and nights of sorrow. I thought I heard a voice whispering "Lo, I am, am, am, with you, you, you, even to, to, to, the end, end, end, of, of, the, the, the, Age, Age, Age, Age, Age, Age, Age, Age, Age, Age." All became silent.

I looked at Maria to see if she had heard what I thought I had, only to find my gaze following hers to the threatening west. We were not surprised to see John, red robe swirling in the wind, slowly moving down the hill toward a bristling sea of glistening armaments, propelled by the throb of thousands of pagan drums dictating the march of desolation.

I looked into Maria's eyes, wishing that time would halt and the tear in her eye would never have to roll down her flushed cheek. We stood there, just holding each other in transfixed love that would never die, though pagan leagues would march over us. Then she spoke.

"Our Age is ending. Come, we must return."

My Life

by

Connie Sassanella

I've neglected something in life
Amidst a world of constant strife.
Beyond the past, I haven't seen
The present half way in between.
The future holds a sacred light
That reaches far into the night.
Yet there's no present to reveal
The words I say and thoughts I feel.

Chain of Command

by

Brad Donovan

When the ocean begs your leave to roar,
When the wind asks for the right to blow,
When birds file patterns that they may soar;
Then you may say what seeds I'll sow.
If the stars inquire, "How bright shall I shine?"
When trees implore, "Is the earth still mine?"
And when the eagle signs on the dotted line —
You may set my time to die.
When flowers ask, "Can we have our spring?"
And babies question, "May I laughter bring?" —
If ever life at your command lies still,
Then you may send me out to kill:
But not until,
God help me,
Not until.



A Mustard Seed

by

J. McPhee

The fields had been filled with the choking dust and withering heat of late August, the month when gusty whirlwinds would hurl straw and chaff into the air for ten or fifteen short seconds, only to drop the swirling mass a few yards distant. All day my mind had kept retracting from the thought of my forthcoming task. Every time a song sparrow dashed in jerky flight from its delicate nest, everytime a field mouse scurried from its burrow, the same feeling of dread would overwhelm me. Now, the final, defiant flares of light shot over the western horizon, barely lighting the gritty, rutted roadbed — time to be home long ago; the flushed despair mounted.

Then the checked white door creaked open and I was there, facing the ancient wood-burner stove with dirty black steel shining through the chipped and cracking white porcelain finish, facing two intent gray eyes dominated by snarled white brows. Through the open window on the opposite side of the room I could see the red sky that always seems to accompany sunset on the plains.

"Good evening Mr. Stuart."

"Good evening William. What brings you here?"

Instantly I recalled the lengthy, moralistic lecture he had previously delivered to me on the use of Christian names and nicknames and only the Lord knows what else, but all I could think of was his unhappy confusion surrounding the explanation. Now it was my turn to inform, so I decided to present a casual facade even though I was loathe to stay.

"Been wondering how you've been getting along and I brought some, uh, some news." He demonstrated no curiosity at the reason for my mission.

"Things been pretty dry 'round here — good harvestin' weather. Have you seen Judy lately?"

"Well, I, uh, no. I . . . couldn't find her." He still spoke of her as if she were living a scant two miles away in an impenetrable solitude, separated by space and not time. The two searching little gray eyes haughtily reprimanded me saying, "Listen young man, you're lying. You **must** have seen her." But I hadn't and neither would he or anyone else.

"Oh William! You should be able to pick her out in any crowd; she's got black hair, very pretty, and she's so kind. No, you can't possibly miss her. There's only one Judy like her; no, you **can't** miss her."

I would play the game.

"Wait a minute. I think I did see her; yes, I think so."

"Where? What was she doing?"

"Yes, it was just yesterday, she was, was looking at a dress in McGinley's window. A very beautiful dress, with lace and all. Very

beautiful." I was amazed at the rapidity with which speech leaves the liar.

"That's my Judy! Always a good-looker. Wore the best clothes in town when she'd go floatin' down the boardwalk with all the young gents a-lookin'. Then we suitors would take to fightin' o'er her and the shiners we'd get! Hell, I remember Sundays with all o' us in church and the preacher ravin' an rantin' about brotherly love. Haw! Haw! But everybody knew the score then, Judy was mine."

I smiled. Church and religion had always been an integral aspect of life in the area, a kind of improvised way of avoiding unpleasant loneliness where loneliness triumphs.

"I imagine she'll return any time now. You know how women can be. Listen William, I'm not keeping you am I?"

"No, No. Not at all. I just came to tell you that the county authorities think you should . . ." Just when my chances of success seemed attainable, the evening breeze billowed the curtain at the window, knocking a lonely potted cactus onto the floor. Unruffled, the old man went over and threw the shattered remains into a bag beside the cupboard. As he turned to look at me he said "Guess it's time for my evening walk. Bootsie and I go every night about this time, don't we Bootsie?"

A muffled thumping reverberated from behind the stove where the ancient white-faced mongrel had been sleeping. Slowly, painfully, the dog raised itself from the cotton blanket and moved out into the room lighted by the last flaming rays of day.

"Care to join us?"

"Thanks, but I only came for a minute to tell you . . ."

Then the cracked and peeling door creaked shut, and we were walking down the path toward the grassy lane that led into the fields. As we slowly moved through the grass, the sun cast long, dark shadows and made each tree look like the burning bush of Moses. I carried my thoughts while he carried the sightless little Bootsie.

"Bootsie is too old to see anything and can't hear none too good either. She can't even go walking too far anymore, so I carry her 'cause she can still smell the fresh air and feel the fields."

There was really nothing to say and no reason to even if there had been. I wistfully looked at the old man carrying the trembling old pup that kept sniffing the fresh breeze filled with the scent of cut hay. The day was quickly passing.

Undercurrents of Life

by
Terri Samuels

Life is like a billowing sea,
The surface in constant turmoil, ever changing,
Yet the depths remain constant, to infinity.
May different vessels ride upon a wave,
Yet each makes its own wake among the depths,
Still the depths remain silent and grave.
The depths observe the surface's erratic moods and deeds.
It sees all, and is content to be itself.
Gently swaying to the music made only by deep sea weeds.
The depths store vast particles of knowledge as only it can,
And after ages of formation, it surges to the surface,
Its smooth face to the world, the birth of a man.



Plastic Spoon

Joan Wittstock

Sir John Falstaff and Degenerate Knighthood

by

Diane Gillette

In the Sir John Falstaff of both parts of **Henry IV**, Shakespeare creates a study of degenerate knighthood. The fat Falstaff fails to fulfill the most important qualities of knighthood: prowess, loyalty, honor, and the desire for glory; and he also fails to demonstrate generosity and courtesy. In no way can Falstaff meet the idealized requirements of knightly behavior.

The first quality that Falstaff lacks is generosity. A knight was very often judged by his contemporaries on the basis of his generous gifts, but Falstaff takes: he does not give. Furthermore, his actions in trying to cheat Mistress Quickly out of what he truly owes her and his hopes to take advantage of Justice Swallow show him to be possessed by selfishness.

Another knightly quality which is missing in Falstaff is courtesy. First of all, perfect knights were expected to treat their fellows with respect. Falstaff's comments at the robbery demonstrate his lack of respect for the wealthy travelers:

Strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Down with them! fleece them! Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, faith!

(Part I, II, ii, 78-80, 82-5)

His general behavior indicates little respect for anyone, including little respect for the king. He does not even respect human life, for he says of the poor soldiers he has chosen: "Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder. They'll fill a pit as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men." (Part I, IV, iii, 63-5) Second, as the ideas of courtly love developed, knights were expected to treat women with a higher degree of courtesy. Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet are certainly not fair noblewomen, but they are worthy of simple courtesy. Falstaff's accusing insults to Mistress Quickly when he has been robbed could never be spoken by an ideal knight to any woman: "There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee." (Part I, III, iii, 106-9) More disgusting are his attempts to take advantage of the hostess, as pointed out by the Chief Justice:

Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? . . . You have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. (Part II, II, i, 74-6, 105-8)

Falstaff is obviously not ashamed of his treatment of this woman, for he continues to use her by asking her to pawn her belongings so that he can "borrow" more money.

The knight's feudal oath was a pledge of loyalty to his lord. His duty, then, was to serve his lord and maintain his lord's power. Falstaff should have been spending his time in fighting for the king — not in robbing and carousing at Eastcheap. He shows no responsibility to the duties owed the king. Quite proudly, he even steals from the king. Even if he had really killed Hotspur, the action would have been for personal gain rather than to help and serve his king: "There is Percy. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you." (Part I, V, iv, 138-41) These words are certainly not knightly. As a knight in command of troops for the king's service, Falstaff's selection of his soldiers should be made on the basis of skill. Instead, he builds an army of reprobates and appropriate degenerates, releasing better men for money. The ultimate example of Falstaff's lack of loyalty is his pleasure at hearing of his king's death.

It is easy to understand why Falstaff would prefer to have Hal as king. Sadly, however, he feels no more loyalty to Hal than to Henry IV. He does not hesitate to show what he thinks of Hal:

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish — O for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck!

(Part I, II, iv, 229-32)

O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal — God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. (Part I, I, ii, 83-7)

How? the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup. 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog . . .

(Part I, III, iii, 81-3)

Falstaff feels little for Hal; he is merely a parasite getting all he can from the Prince. He is happy to call Hal his king — but not so that he can serve Hal. He only wants to get more out of the parasitic relationship: "I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment." (Part II, V, iv, 127-9) Any love Falstaff may have ever shown for Hal has only been contrived, as is the "homage" he offers just before his rejection: "But to stand stained with travel and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him." (Part II, V, v, 23-6) By so flagrantly ignoring his feudal oath of loyalty, Falstaff thoroughly deserves Hal's final rejection.

One of the most important characteristics of knighthood was prowess, or military skill. An ideal knight was expected to be fit for battle, and this required long hours of practice. Falstaff's physique makes it quite plain that he lacks prowess. The following descriptions involve a man who obviously cannot be a dashing hero: "Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon . . ." (Part I, I, ii, 2-4); "Falstaff

sweats to death/And lards the lean earth as he walks along./ Were't not for laughing, I should pity him." (Part I, II, iii, 101-3) By his own admission, Falstaff lacks stamina and endurance:

If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind . . . Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. (Part I, II, ii, 11-2, 22-4)

Appropriate to a study of degeneration are Falstaff's many bodily ills, which symbolize the diseases of his knighthood. Physically, then, Falstaff is not a true knight.

When he should be practicing military skills, Falstaff is leading a gay, loose life, as he admits:

. . . Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be, virtuously enough: swore little, dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy house not above once in a quarter — of an hour, paid money that I borrowed — three or four times, lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all compass. (Part I, III, iii, 8-12)

These are not knightly activities. Even when he has been summoned to battle he delays his departure and must be rebuked by the Chief Justice.

Falstaff also fails to demonstrate any particular skill when he is faced with battle situations. During the robbery, confronted by Hal and Poins, he runs. Even worse, he plots a story of his prowess:

And Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bullcalf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! (Part I, II, iv, 242-6)

Why, he hack'd it [his sword] with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. Yea, and to tickle our noses with speargrass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. (Part I, II, iv, 285-91)

Falstaff shows no more courage in warfare; for, when he faces Douglas, he falls down and pretends to be dead while, nearby, Hal and Hotspur are fighting valiantly and heatedly. Falstaff's excuses, fear, and stabbing of the dead Hotspur are disgustingly typical:

. . . 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot terma-gant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? Be my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore, I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why

may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes,
and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stabs him], with
a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.
(Part I, V, iv, 112-28)

It is interesting to note Falstaff's idea of the source and shape of
prowess, which definitely shows the absence of this knightly quality in
him:

They are generally fools and cowards — which some of us
should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack
hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain;
dries me all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which
environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full
of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered
o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes
excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris
is the warming of the blood; which before (cold and
settled) left the liver white and pale, which is the badge
of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it
and makes it course from the inwards to the parts' ex-
tremes. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives
warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm;
and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits
muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and
puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage.
And this valour comes of sherris: so that skill in the
weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it awork; and
learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack
commences it and sets it in act and use. (Part II, IV, iii,
91-112)

Any man evaluating prowess in this manner cannot be a true knight.

Perhaps the most obvious indication that Falstaff lacks prowess is
his lack of enthusiasm to become involved in battle. This may be studied
as a part of another of Falstaff's shortcomings, the lack of desire for
glory. True knights searched for opportunities to do battle, no matter
how dangerous, and to win glory for themselves and their prowess;
Falstaff searches for ways to avoid battle.

In Falstaff one sees the complete absence of the enthusiasm of a
true knight. He says, "To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of
a feast/Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest." (Part I, IV, iii, 77-8) During
the robbery and when faced by Douglas at Shrewsbury, Falstaff chooses
to flee and to play dead; a fight with the great Douglas, even a losing
fight, would have won much glory for Falstaff. But Falstaff is a man who,
immediately after an inspiring battle rally speech from Hal, can say,
"Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come./O, I could wish
this tavern were my drum." (Part I, III, iii, 194-5) He must be reprimanded
by Prince John for his failure to involve himself in the heavy business
of the times: "Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?/When
everything is ended, then you come." (Part II, IV, iii, 25-6)

A man interested in glory would, of course, want the best soldiers
to help him gain the greatest glory of victory. Therefore, Falstaff's choice
of soldiers is particularly revealing. In Gloucestershire in Part II, Falstaff's
joking manner and the monetary basis of his final selection of four
soldiers show no interest in achieving glory from what is to come. His



Slavery

Marilyn Brown



In Revulsion

Eileen Misany

speech describing his soldiers in Part I demonstrates not only his lack of desire for glory but also his lack of prowess and loyalty:

If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misused the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns — such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies — slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers tradefall'n; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old fazed ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. (Part I, IV, ii, 11-46)

Falstaff is not ashamed; he is proud of his cunning and prosperous achievement.

This speech also shows that there is one more quality missing in Sir John Falstaff; it is perhaps the most expected, idealized virtue of knighthood, the one on which all the others depend — honor. Whether the situation is of major or minor importance, Falstaff shows no honor.

He cares nothing for honoring his promises to Mistress Quickly although he admits that he has quite frequently promised to marry her: ". . . and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin." (Part II, I, ii, 223-5)

His lack of honor is no secret to those around him. Poins easily predicts precisely what will happen after he and Hal rob Falstaff and the other thieves:

The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper:

how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest. (Part I, I, ii, 169-74)

Falstaff does exactly this and places his honor as a pawn in one of his frequent oaths — oaths which are just about as valuable as his honor: "I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish! If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature." (Part I, II, iv, 173-6) When he is told by his page that he can get no satin for a short cloak and breeches: "He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his band and yours. He liked not the security." (Part II, I, ii, 29-31), he answers with typical false piety, "I look'd 'a should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security." (Part II, I, ii, 40-2) But he fools no one.

Never having practiced honor, Falstaff is an easy liar. After the robbery he insists that instinct kept him from striking the true prince. More disgusting are his excuses after grossly insulting Hal: "I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with thee; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it." (Part II, II, iv, 289-93)

This man has no honor or any desire for it. To him, honor means only death on the battlefield; one cannot have honor and live — at least not by Falstaff's conception of life. His philosophy, which is certainly not a knightly one, is: "Give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end." (Part I, V, iv, 57-9)

As Falstaff is representative of the degeneration of knighthood, it is significant that the reader grows to like him less in Part II than in Part I. The Falstaff of Part I is a jolly type, and his tricks and plots are more mischievous than evil. He does not seem to be trying to hurt people as much as he is trying to have a good time. But Part II finds Falstaff involved in serious cheating, disloyalty, breach of promise, and other very distasteful plots. The Falstaff of Act V, who, after boasting of his power with Hal, must plead desperately, "That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this. I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements. I will be the man yet that shall make you great." (Part II, V, v, 75-8), wins no sympathy at his rejection — unless it is for his naive stupidity, misjudgment, and over-inflated ego. By this time, Falstaff lacks all knightly qualities; and he **must** be rejected.

In a speech to his father, Hal confesses, "For my part, I may speak it to my shame, / I have a truant been to chivalry." (Part I, V, i, 93-4) Seeing the inherent goodness and chivalric qualities in Hal, one may conclude that, if Hal is a truant to chivalry, Falstaff is a total drop-out. In no way has Falstaff shown knightly behavior; he is, then, a personification of degenerate knighthood. There can be little doubt that one of Shakespeare's purposes in his creation of Falstaff was to portray the reasons for the fall of chivalric knighthood; as, for example, one of the main reasons for the actual fall was the reign of money as the goal of all endeavors, which is certainly characteristic of Falstaff. Perhaps the strongest accusation against knighthood was the fact that Sir John Falstaff was made a knight at all.

Farewell

by

Dean Stern

Kept in
my little world
for so long
i've forgotten how to walk
away

so i return
dissatisfied
with you
but mostly
me

Got to go
to get away
and leave
this unholy place
fly to bridges
and rivers
see the road
curve in the distance
and watch
me
leave

Somehow
soon
to push away
this vise that cramps
my minutes like seconds
and twists my days
into ruin

And it's okay
as long as i return
Monday
for there's school
and work
and countless other
regulations

But communists
don't follow rules
and hippies
don't follow
and i
don't
Goodbye

Gehenna

by

Rye Sing Son

Through the lethal mass of steel;
 Over hot, blanched lava;
Look at a sky boiling humid vapor;
 Crossed by a can of decaying tin;
Congenial trees destroyed within;
 Choking dust and gasping lungs
 (Crushed and Deaf — entreating blindness,
 all to happy choler)
Indolent bees and budding trees;
 Consummate lovers on a bench;
Screaming siren: Orpheus of Metro;
Peeling skin and innate blood;
 Gluttonous, riotous, filthy birds;
Tantalizing water of dead IXOYC;
 Boards with bills, shouting thrills;
Parsimonious winos cling to lions;
 Trollops solicit up and down;
Hatchling squabs sing in the sewers;
 Races broil on stainless skewers;
Haughty Saul tramps down the street;
 Granular love shimmers in the eye —
Remorseful facades of bleaching brick;
 Withered souls in desiccated bodies;
Crawling trains full of coffins:
Felicitous rocks for the crown of life;
 Mountains of stone filled with bone;
Cathedrals: Luciferous landmarks;
 Steaming jungles filled with beasts;
Holy deserts know no peace;
 Dried leaves help to build conviction;
Heaving masses pained by consumption;
 Hope that decays with each seed sown;
He with the rifle's with the home;
Howling tempests to the Sun;
 Stars, Stripes whipping in a wind;
AND Mourning Doves sipping stagnant stench —
 under a hooked beak;
Still searching for a special treasure.

A Memory

by

Steve Davis

A black velvet willow
tossed by gale of stormy soul
Deep dark eyes reflect desire
no solid roots to hold.



Eileen
Misany

Figure Study

Eileen Misany

The Impressionistic Style of Henry James

by

Myrna L. Turnbull

Mr. Leon Edel, in his literary critique on Henry James, states that James has always been involved in "James Cult" battles. Edel feels that such battles are simply an indication that James has been a figure of controversy. It takes a large man with a highly individual style and an original mind to become the subject of recurring battles of the books. A mediocrity never inspires passions. (Edel, p. 7.)

James has a penchant for transferring his characters to Europe and to "High Life" by happy incidents, often through the generosity of rich relatives. (Edel, p. 8) In James' novel, **The Portrait of a Lady**, Mrs. Touchett generously decides to take Isabel as her personal protegee, and the Aunt offers to supply the financial means for the expansion of the girl's character.

James likes to reveal his characters by allowing them to express their different points of view. (Edel, p. 8) One of the finest examples of this particular technique was the discussion between Isabel and her Aunt regarding points of view. Isabel could have her American point of view if she so desired; Mrs. Touchett's point of view was personal.

James has a profound understanding of the psychology of human relations. He sees into human motives as aptly illustrated in the eternal battle scenes between father and child, husband and wife, two opposing wills in a kind of love-hate; James cleverly weaves impressions of the inter-relationships of Pansy and Gilbert, and Isabel and Gilbert. Edel, p. 9.)

It is my personal belief that James attempts to deal with reality as opposed to sticky Utopian type characters. He subtly sketches his people as they would be found in day-to-day situations. His people are subject to human weaknesses such as poor logic, over-idealism and fear of lack of independence, as in the case of Isabel Archer; other characters are materialistic, self-centered and superbly phony, as illustrated by Gilbert Osmond. The individual, through the complicated process of living, faces dilemmas; he reasons and makes his choices, some are good and some are bad, but the very fact that he is not infallible, not predictable, allows us to relate and to feel a certain amount of empathy. Reading James is reaching out and touching real people. James is believable.

James is an individual who has a rare understanding of the ambiguous chemistry which is brought into play when two or more people meet in a room. He recognizes how a chance remark can cause anxiety or amuse. (Edel, p. 12.)

The author has a relish for the unexpected, the subtle, the unusual in human situations. He is fascinated by the idiosyncrasies of human character. (Edel, p. 13.) I would have to agree with Mr. Edel on this point. The bulk of the novel deals with individual idiosyncrasies. Gilbert Roland has a materialistic quest for perfection; Isabel makes a miserable marital choice in her determination to be married for herself; Mrs. Touchett, who seeks to help her niece to marry well, has a marriage which is a sham.

Henry James' books offer little violence and not much action. His people, cultivated and well-mannered, face intense quandries of a personal nature and the story is nearly always concerned with how they seek to resolve these quandries. (Edel, p. 8.) Isabel Archer would be representative of this type with her numerous marriage proposals and her consequent marriage which runs into difficulties. Her idealism has blinded her, and as a result she makes the worst possible marital choice.

Whereas Edel concerns himself with the particular psychology of James, Cargill discusses the structure of the novel around the central character.

Cargill states that **The Portrait of a Lady** is the revelation of the inadequacy of Isabel Archer's view on freedom. (Cargill, p. 83.)

James, who decides to make his heroine Isabel Archer focal rather than contributory, centers everything around the girl's consciousness, particularly emphasizing her view of herself. The rest of the characters come and go; they are contributory to Isabel, the focal point of the novel. (Cargill, p. 79.)

The character of Gilbert Osmond is used to accentuate the extremism of Isabel who is representative of the ultimate in American idealism. Gilbert Osmond, the man who she marries, is a fearful opposite and is representative of the ultimate European orthodoxy of his time. (Cargill, p. 88.) The incompatibility of Gilbert and Isabel is extreme because each one, having had no experience with the type of person which the other was, is deceived. (Cargill, p. 89.)

As the girl recognizes the particular idiosyncrasies of Osmond, she realizes that there is little hope that he will let her go. (Cargill, p. 98.) His fetish for appearances is extreme, and although he is sadly disappointed in Isabel, he will console himself that she is greatly admired and much sought after by her past suitors; to the rest of the world she is a prize.

There is a variety of conjecture as to Isabel's motives for returning to Osmond. As to her future, Cargill feels that if James had not seen his heroine "to the end" of her situation, he might have given more positive hints as to what the end might have been. Something noble in Isabel's character sent her back to Osmond for the sake of her step-daughter. Isabel felt that in this manner she was most nobly encountering her destiny. This conclusion, though not entirely satisfactory, does consistently round out Isabel's chronicle. (Cargill, p. 98.)

I was extremely disillusioned by James' treatment of Isabel in the conclusion of the novel. My immediate reaction was that I had pored laboriously through nine hundred and fifty pages only to find that the author was playing cat-and-mouse with his readers. I couldn't accept the finality of Isabel, a twenty-eight year old girl, returning to Rome and wasting her life. Hopefully, time would force her to re-evaluate her thinking and to salvage some small part of her "self." James, however, gives us a very plausible explanation for concluding the novel as he did in his personal critique which is to be found later in this paper. With his explanation I can concur to some degree.

James takes severed threads from the past and weaves them into a total impression. He threads the theme throughout the story without making explicit statements; his heroine is known by the company which she keeps. (Cargill, p. 97.) To cite an example, Isabel's character is revealed on one occasion when she is in the presence of her Aunt. Isabel's discussion with Mrs. Touchett discloses the fact that the girl is very naive about her aspirations for freedom:



Back Door

Sandy Eschker Ruiz

"I always want to know the things one shouldn't do."

"So as to do them?" asked the Aunt.

"So as to choose," said Isabel. (Cargill, p. 97.)

As illustrated above, it is the impressions of the people around Isabel which make her portrait complete.

The McElderry critique is quite similar to that of Cargill. McElderry discusses structure, character development and whether the novel is complete.

"Proportion," states Mr. McElderry, "is one of the greatest virtues of the novel." Fifty-five substantial chapters can be read with a sense of effortless progress from one event to another. The novel does not have to rely on big scenes as the situations quietly engage the reader's attention and hold it without strain. (McElderry, p. 59.)

The characters come and go, but it is their relationship to Isabel which makes the portrait complete. (McElderry, p. 61.) The people who encounter Isabel give an added insight into her character. Lord Warburton reveals Isabel's marital deterioration; Madam Merle treats the girl with contempt by using her as a mother-substitute; Ralph, who reveals his love for Isabel before dying, tells her that if she has been hated she has also been deeply loved.

McElderry feels that **The Portrait of a Lady** is complete. Harriet Stackpole's advice to Caspar that he should wait simply means that she is an optimist. The words of comfort, which add thirty years to Caspar's life, show that he accepts Isabel's return to Italy as final. Why does Isabel return to Osmond? She states that her marriage, a deliberate act, is a serious and binding thing. Her genuine concern for Pansy might keep her from re-evaluating her marriage at this time, but it is unlikely that she would return to Caspar, whom she respects but does not love. Whatever she does, she will remain a Lady; she is too intelligent and proud to act upon a selfish whim. (McElderry, p. 61.)

Readers have felt that Isabel was over-idealized by Henry James. Isabel was supposedly fashioned after his cousin Minny Temple, who died of a lung ailment in 1870. Although she was deeply regarded by James, Mr. McElderry does not think that the author was in love with his cousin. (McElderry, p. 42.)

Of the four authors who are being discussed, James himself, gives the most coherent and enlightening critique on the impressionistic style which he uses.

James states that he held a vision of persons which interested and appealed to him. He saw them subject to complications of existence, but he had to find the right relations to bring them out. Visions of active and passive persons interested and appealed to him just as they were and by what they were. James saw them as "disposables" subject to chances and complications of existence; to find the right relations to develop them, he imagined, invented, selected and pieced together the situations most favorable to the creatures themselves, the complications which they were likely to produce and feel. (James, p. 42.)

James is often accused of having "not story enough." He feels that he has as much story as he needs to show his people and to exhibit their relations with one another, for that is his measure. Seeing how they look, move, speak and behave is his account of them which he labels his architecture. This architecture, he keeps at a minimum in order that it won't interfere with his measure of the truth. (James, p. 43.)

I would have to fault James on his particular statement regarding architecture. He has a penchant for the periodic sentence, and at times

these structures become extremely cumbersome, requiring several readings to pick up his continuity of thought. It is not particularly enjoyable, when reading a novel, to have to backtrack continually in order to re-examine what the author is trying to say.

James anticipated that much criticism would prevail as to whether or not his novel was complete. He reminds us that the whole of anything is never complete; the author must take what groups together to produce his "portrait." (McElderry, p. 61.)

In a capsule explanation about his impressionistic style, James states that the house of fiction has many windows, every one of which has been pierced, or is still pierceable in its vast front by the need of individual vision and the pressure of individual will. Unlike hinged doors opening straight upon life, each resembles a pair of eyes, a unique instrument which allows each individual his own distinct impression. As he and his neighbour watches the show, one sees more where the other sees less, one sees black where the other sees white, one sees big where the other sees small, etcetera. (James, p. 46.)

The simplicity and clarity of James' particular explanation on his impressionistic style gives the reader a greater insight into the complexity and profound talent of the author. One senses in reading his works that he has the perception to realize that the human personality constitutes more than the sum of its parts. Years of study would barely scratch the surface of an author like James.

This abundantly creative author must have found his measure of truth. Most of his novels were produced more than a century ago, (**The Portrait of a Lady** was produced in 1881) but his books are not dated. His keen sense of realism makes him popular today.

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Flashes

by

Nancy H. Young

You used to look
with flashing neon lights.

I
noticed
you.

Happiness,
love,
endearment
and
hope were held within each
flash . . .

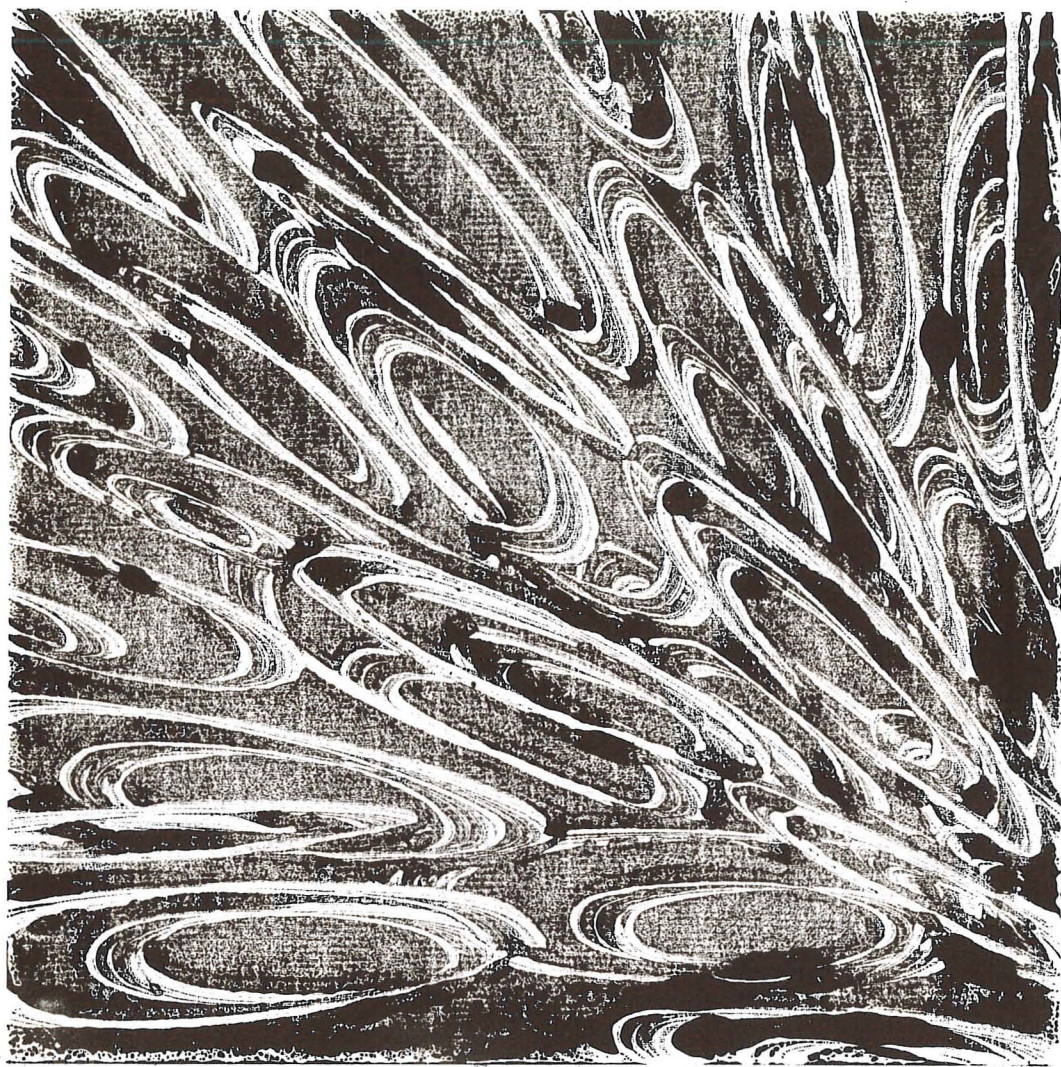
One day, you looked back with 25 watt bulbs . . .

Maybe that was the

day

I
knew . . .

. . . you
were
leaving . . .





Pride

Eileen Walsh

A Wish

by

c.r.u.d.

If there is a reincarnation,
let me come back as the wind —
blowing the scent of flowers and fresh grass
across the world
to relieve the suffering and pain.
Seeing wars and their results
and consoling the displaced children
by softly playing the angels' harps
and gently kissing their tiny faces.
Let me steal the wet jewels
found in the depths of those sorrowful seas of blue,
and breathe away the silent despair
discovered in those soft rosy petals,
and fill them to overflowing with
LOVE.

Because of Your Small Differency

by

E. Joseph Fleming

I saw the 'Golden Apples of The Sun',
But as I reached to gather some
My hand was blocked from getting one;

In grief and pain of falling short
Of apples of most any sort,
I turned, to God, my hungry face
In wonderment of this disgrace;

"Your fellow man," He said to me,
"Because of your small differency
Has stopped you in your search to be
A climber of 'The Golden Apple Tree'!"

Revelation

by

Dean Stern

Silence now
again
no more crunching
of feet
but only chirps and creaks

The buzzing of bugs
goes on
the damned things
fly about
attacking us all
at least they're fighting for life

All the noise
is silence now
no more crunching
of feet
where have they gone?

The green and black box
transmits electronic instructions yet
its putrid flashes
are colored
green and black too
always ending black

I listen
not daring to breathe
for a thump
or a hiss
if not a footstep

Silence still
after miles and inches
of searching
no box
can break this curse

Silence
and then more
crying
in the distance
me

Oh horrid silence
unleash me
damned quiet
free my guilt

Let me hear
the rattle of stones on the path
or the steel
click

Anything
 oh something
but the silence
sam and i
created

Silence
nothing can cover
the silence
of life
trickling away on the ground

Nothing —
 but more silence



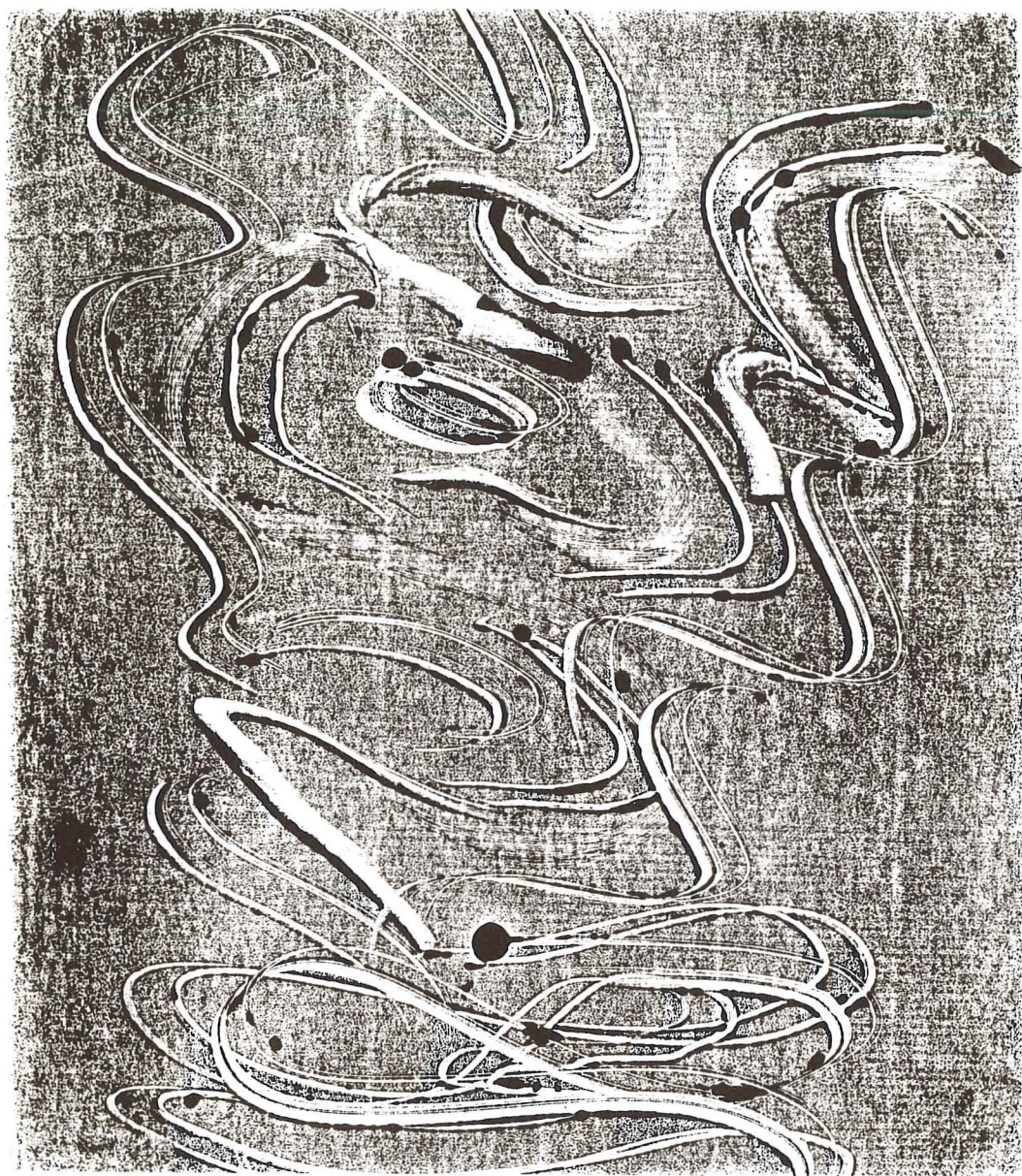
Lupé

Carol Ann Ford

(To Another Friend)

by
Perry

heart; like a kite
being thrown about
by a cold northwest wind
coming Charlie Brown crashing
down to earth,
yet a Pat shall always come
to keep me from a hard,
broken death from a fall
and buoy my soul
at the final instant
and lift me,
my heart a new
box-kite,
with a little more string
tied to the end
and a wiser tail
added on
at the other beginning



Flowan

Louie Lozon

D.S. El Fine

by

B. D.

Sustain one breath for a million summers.
Exhale over numberless decades.
Take a giant step between the stars;
Crushing civilizations as you go.
Divide your fingers to release the winds
And weep for the worlds you've killed.
Kick a solar system aside;
Watch it dwindle toward nothing.
Grasp a galaxy and wipe your feet with it.

When a comet swoops by your ear
Brush it away, like a gnat.
And, when the astronomers wait for it to light
up the night skies over Africa it won't come
And it will be a sign from the Lord and people
will carry signs reading, "The End is Here",
And, they will be right.



Still Life

Deryl Dunn

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